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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

TWENTY-NINE

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In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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John S. Godolkin
Godolkin House
Nassau, NY

March 31, 1984

President of Operations
Superhuman Development
Vought American Incorporated

Dear Sir,

Having followed your corporation's successes in the field of superhuman team generation for some years now, I feel certain that you will recognize a unique commercial opportunity in the appended proposal. The précis on page three should be clear enough, but in essence I wish to discuss the bonding of your publishing and merchandising arms with my group of superpowered heroes.

~~I have~~ at my disposal six talented young people of extraordinary ability, named, trained, and ready to commence operations commensurate with those of a modern super-group. Neither brand identity nor a base of activities will be an issue, nor will maintenance of powers in respect to the application of Compound V. (We are, in the modern idiom, good to go.

Yet it is not this degree of preparedness alone that makes the G-Men (as I have chosen to call them) such an attractive proposition, but also the manner in which they can be presented to the shareholder and consumer. I believe the time has come for a new approach to the very notion of superpowered characters and scenarios; something perhaps less lofty and out-of-reach, and more in tune with contemporary concerns. With the correct implementation, I am convinced that such a strategy will push the G-Men to a level of revenue in excess of those of Payback, and - yes - even The Seven.

I look forward to making your acquaintance and discussing my ideas with you in greater depth, and remain,

Yours faithfully,

John S. Godolkin

worth looking into - RJW

WE GOTTA GO NOW

conclusion

Minutes 11/2/89 P.6

Mr. Edgar: (cont) and since the second team went on-line, profits have in fact doubled. That's confirmed as of the last quarter.

Mr. Wayne: That would be G-Force, correct?

Mr. Edgar: Yes, sir.

Mr. Wayne: And where do we go from here?

Mr. Neiman: There are two more on the way, sir, both with an eye on diversification. G-Brits, and, let me see, G-Style.

Mr. Wayne: Very good. Who wants to give me the bad news?

Minutes 11/2/89 P.7

Mr. Nieman: Sir?

Mr Wayne: Come on, there's a dozen of you. Someone must have drawn the short straw. Nobody?

Mr. Edgar: Sir, there's a young fellow in my office by the name of Stillwell. Smart, keen, completely reliable. I, well, I know this is delicate but I know how concerned you are, too, so I pretty much gave him a blank check. Told him he'd have whatever he needed, so long as he was discrete.

Mr. Neiman: Jesus.

Mr. Edgar: Not much new at first. Subject's completely cuckoo, weird relationship with his parents- oh, one new detail there, he's supposed to have literally leapt with joy at his old man's funeral. And—

Mr. Wayne: You're dancing around something, I can tell. May as well get to it.

Mr. Edgar: Well, this is based on a good deal of surveillance of, of various kinds—

Mr. Wayne: Still dancing.

Mr. Edgar: I—yes, sir. It's just that—

Mr Wayne: Is it what we thought or isn't it?

PRIVATE

Minutes 11/2/89 P.8

Mr. Edgar: It is, sir.

Mr. Wayne: Give us the room, please.

HMH.

THEY'RE GONNA FUCKIN' KILL ME FOR THIS...!

ONLY IF THEY FIND ENOUGHA YOU TO KILL.

COME ON, GET ON WITH IT.

LISTEN, I'M NO' GONNA--

OH, FUCK.

OH, JESUS.

HE TOOK US

HE TOOK US FROM OUR FOLKS WHEN WE WERE KIDS AN' HE SAID WE WERE GONNA JOIN THE G-MEN.

MARKY
6

"I MEAN IT WASN'T VIOLENT, HE WASN'T OUT TO HURT ANYONE. HE HAD TOYS, HE HAD CANDY...THIS WHITE LIMO PULLS UP AN' IT JUST LOOKS LIKE IT'S FULLA THE COOLEST SHIT YOU CAN IMAGINE..."

"AN' YOU'RE *LITTLE*, YOU KNOW? I WAS LIKE SIX, OR SEVEN, I DIDN'T KNOW SHIT EXCEPT THERE WAS THIS REAL NICE MAN PROMISIN' ME ALL THESE THINGS. I MEAN JOIN THE *G-MEN?* BE A *SUPERHERO?*

"HE'S JUST--

"NICE."

"AN' HE IS NICE, TOO. GOT ONE OF THOSE VOICES KINDA CHILLS YOU OUT AN' MAKES YOU ALL WARM AN' TINGLY, THE WAY THEY ALWAYS HAVE SANTA TALKIN' IN THE MOVIES..."

BUT LATER ON YOU BEEN AT THE G-HOUSE FOR A COUPLE DAYS, AN' YOU'RE STARTIN' TO GET A LITTLE SCARED. YOU JUST WANNA GO HOME TO YOUR FOLKS, BUT HE'S SAYIN' NO.

HE'S SAYIN' THAT'S ALL OVER NOW, YOU'RE A G-MAN AN' YOU GOTTA START YOUR TRAININ'. HE KNOWS IT'S HARD, BUT YOU GOTTA GIVE UP EVERYTHING FROM BEFORE--SO YOU CAN GO BE SO COOL YOU CAN'T *BELIEVE IT*...

AN' YOU... I DUNNO. A WEEK GOES BY. A MONTH. IT'S LIKE A KID'S STORY ANYHOW, IT'S SOMETHIN' A KID CAN BUY INTO.

YOU MEET THE OTHERS ON YOUR TEAM AN' YOU GOT FRIENDS ALL OF A SUDDEN, AN' THEN YOU MEET THE OLDER G-MEN-- AN' THEY'RE LIKE HEROES, THE WHOLE THING'S SUCH A FUCKIN' ***ADVENTURE***...

AN' YOU SAY YES.

THAT GO FOR EVERYONE?

I DUNNO. DID FOR US.

BUT I HEARD THERE WAS ONE OR TWO KIDS BEFORE, MIGHTA GOT...TAKEN CARE OF.

WHAT D'YOU--

USE YOUR IMAGINATION.

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

COMPOUND V.

"THEY GIVE YOU A SHOT EVERY WEEK UNTIL SOMETHIN' STARTS TO HAPPEN. IT'S PRETTY FREAKY WHEN IT DOES, BUT IT'S KINDA COOL, TOO.

"IT'S WHEN YOU KNOW YOU'RE A SUPERHERO, YOU KNOW? IT'S WHEN THIS PROMISE YOU BEEN MADE, THIS THING YOU GAVE IT ALL UP FOR--IT COMES ***TRUE***..."

MAIS *V* IS NO GUARANTEE OF SUCCESS...

COUPLE MORE GET TAKEN CARE OF, DO THEY?

DUNNO.

MAYBE.

SEE, THEY RAISE YOU--THEY *TRAIN YOU* TO PROTECT THE G-MEN, THAT'S LIKE THE NUMBER ONE PRIORITY NO MATTER WHAT.

AN' YOU GROW UP A LITTLE BIT AN' YOU START TO SEE WHY, 'CAUSE YOU SEE WHAT'S AT STAKE. I MEAN THE MONEY, FUCK, IT FEELS LIKE YOU CAN HAVE *ANYTHING*...

"MORE TOYS.

"MORE CANDY."

NOIA

READ ME

FUCK BOX

FUCK BOX

WELCOME

KRONIC

TOR-TI-alls

DUDE

LUBE

BOMB!

SMACK BOMB!

BY NOW...YOU *KNOW* WHAT BEIN' IN THE G-MEN'S ALL ABOUT. YOU KNOW YOU AIN'T GONNA BE A SUPERHERO--OR MAYBE IT'S JUST YOU KNOW WHAT BEIN' ONE REALLY MEANS...

BUT YOU SURE AS FUCK KNOW WHAT YOU GOT.

"AN' YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'LL DO TO PROTECT IT."

SO THE POINTA THE G-MEN'S TO KILL OTHER G-MEN. FUCKIN' STROLL ON...

BUT WHY DO SO MANY O' THEM GO MENTAL IN THE FIRST PLACE? WHAT'S ***WRONG*** WI' THEM?

CAN I--STOP NOW--?

GUESS.

UKK--

THERE'S...

"THERE'S A THING THAT HAPPENS EARLY ON."

HAPPENS A LOT.

HE STARTED THE FIRST TEAM WHEN THEY WERE NINE OR TEN. WE WERE SIX.

SOMETIMES I THINK I'LL BE SIX FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

JESUS, JAMAL...!

FUCK OFF!

BUT HOW COULD THEY LET HIM? IF HE DID IT TO THE OLDER ONES, WHY WOULD THEY LET HIM DO IT TO *YOU?*

YOU STUPID MOTHERFUCKER, THEY DON'T SAY SHIT TO HIM.

SOME OF THEM EVEN JOIN IN.

WE'RE ALL IN IT TOGETHER. WE'RE LOCKED.

THERE'S ALWAYS MORE G-MEN COMIN' ALONG, AN' THERE'S ALWAYS MORE MONEY, AN' EVERYONE GETS WHAT EVERYONE WANTS, AN' ALL IT COSTS IS--

FUCK...!

BUT DON'T YOU WANNA--

YOU WANNA MAKE IT NOT HAVE HAPPENED! EXCEPT YOU CAN'T, SO YOU TRY AN' FORGET IT EVERY FUCKIN' DAY!

AN' YOU GOT ***EVERYTHING*** YOU NEED TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF IT, AN' ***NO ONE,*** NO ONE WANTS TO GIVE UP SHIT LIKE THAT!

FUCK, IF THEY DO, THEY GET--

TAKEN FUCKIN' CARE OF--!

THEY'RE JUST WEE INNOCENT KIDS.

AN' HE TURNS THEM INTO...INTO...

SUPES.

SIIIILENCE IS GOLDEN!

JESUS--

OH, YOU FUCKIN' CUNT--!

WHAT THE FUCK WAS...?

MERDE.

THERE ISN'T ONE OF US SAID NO!!

THERE ISN'T ONE OF US WON'T *DIE* FOR JOHN GODOLKIN!

...AH, WELL.

LET'S GIVE THEM A FUCKIN' *SPANKIN'*.

HUGHIE, KNOCK IT ON THE HEAD, WILL YOU...?

DESOLE, M'SIEU CHARCUTER.

QUE-FEREZ-VOUS, VOUS SAVEZ?

STAY.

WORSE WAYS TO GO THAN SLAUGHTERIN' TWATS LIKE THESE.

THEY OUTTA THEIR FUCKIN' MINDS--?

GONNA!

JESUS, LET'S *FILLET* THESE ASSHOLES...

?

...IT'S OKAY.

FUCK!!

STINGERS.

FUCK FUCK NO NO NO--

JESUS CHRIST

CEASE FIRE.

FINISH IT.

AAAAIIIIEEEEIIIIIGGGGHHHH

FEEIIHHH—

OKAY.

JUST SO YOU KNOW.

WE CAN CLEAN UP OUR OWN SHIT.

FUCK ME.

THE END